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The Blue Jeans of Hoppertown

By

ROY K. MOULTON.

Being Extracted from the news columns of
"The Hoppertown Gazette."



Office of the Hoppertown Gazette.

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Roy K. Moulton
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AN APPRECIATION.

Any scaramouch can raise Cain, but it takes a genius to put a town on the map! Roy K. Moulton of the Grand Rapids (Mich.) Press is a genius, and Hoppertown (any old state) is as well known as Irving's Sleepy Hollow. Moulton made Hoppertown, created all the characters, built the town "opry" house, formed the Ladies' Aid Society and put a wooden leg on Old Cap Whipple—and by so doing he not only made Hoppertown famous, but himself as well!

When I heard that Moulton had written a book—"The Blue Jeans of Hoppertown"—I wrote him for some advance proof sheets, and they came, fastened together with a safety pin! As I have a litter of five Boston terrier pups at my house, I tried the pin on the dogs and found it "O. K.," like everything else about Moulton. If you don't think "The Blue Jeans of Hoppertown" is bound to have a big sale, take a trip to the quaint village with him and see for yourself.—Byron Williams in the "Western Publisher."

OVERTURE BY THE AUTHOR

This is not a weighty book.

According to the best calculations of the publisher, it weighs about a half-pound.

The author weighs 206.

Therefore, the author is equal to 412 books of this kind. Whether the public is equal to this number remains for the future to decide.

Those who are looking for a plot will not find it. The only plot in connection with this book exists between the author and the publisher and its object is to sell as many copies as possible.

This work is calculated to portray the various phases of life in a little country village; the village we all know, with its society, its politics and its varied industries from frog spearing to cider making. Hoppertown might be located anywhere, so you may choose your own state. Every county in every state has a dozen towns like it.

Some of the characters you will encounter as you journey along with us are: Grandma Whipple, who is ninety years young and who continually disappoints the populace by refusing to die; Hank Tumms, who is in politics and whose wife takes in washing; Wil-

liam Tibbitts, who runs the corner grocery and who is so stingy that he makes his wife write shorthand so as to save ink; T. Egbert Peavey, the village Beau Brummel, whose favorite occupation is that of traveling for some crayon portrait firm; Elmer Spink, who falls in love with every new trimmer, who is employed by Miss Amy Stubbs, the village milliner; Renfrew Binks, the station agent; Amos Butts, the undertaker and proprietor of the livery, feed and sales stables; Rev. Hudnutt of the Hard Shell meeting house; Constable Ezra Hand, Old Cap Whipple, the civil war veteran with a wooden leg, and others too numerous to mention.

Hoppertown writings began appearing in the Grand Rapids Evening Press five years ago and have since appeared regularly in its columns.

The Reflections of Uncle Ezra are published by consent of the Judge Publishing Co., New York, owners of the copyright on the same.

THE AUTHOR.

"The Blue Jeans of Hoppertown"



EVENTS AT HOPPERTOWN.

(From the Hoppertown Gazette.)

There is considerable weeping and wailing and g-nashing of teeth in our midst at this writing. as the corn doc-



tor who was advertised to give a free show on Main street this week has been arrested at West Hickeyville and will not be able to appear here. This is a distinct disappointment to the theatergoers and amusement lovers of this vicinity. Miss Stubbs has got a new net for her hair. Miss Lutie Bibbins is having her voice manicured at some musical observatory down to the Rapids. Miss Bibbins has a new musical

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roll made out'n real imitation Prussian leather. It used to be the dashboard on Grandpa Bibbins' rud wagon.

Renfrew Binks, our talented and versatile station agent at the railrud depot, said a lot of fellers got next to good tips on the stock market by tapping the telegraph wires. Hank Tumms climbed a pole next day and tapped on a wire for an hour with his jack knife, but he didn't get no information. Hank says Ren is a liar. Miss Amy Stubbs has got a "Gates Ajar" frame from the hothouse and expects to trim it up for a Merry Widder bunnit in the near future. Elmer Spink says he would like to own a good hothouse because a feller could stay in it all the year around and keep nice and warm for nothing. Since Doc Hanks has had the mumps his whiskers is too small and don't fit his face.

Hoppertown is going to have a new brick cold storage building and they will probably have to build it out of ice cream bricks to make it cold enough.

T. Egbert Peavey says polka dots is all the go down to the Rapids. By gravy, a feller that has got the small-pox or measles must be right in style.

Miss Pansy Tibbitts had a wart wished off her thumb by a gypsy for-

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tune teller last week, but the fortune teller made a mistake and wished it on to the end of Pansy's nose. Old Cap Whipple says he guesses he will have a wart wished onto the end of his nose to keep his specs from slippin' off. News are quite scarce this week, as everybody in town has been waitin' down at the railrud depot since last Monday morning to see the 8:17 train come in, which is some late at this writing.

Grandpa Bibbins is broken-hearted. He has just heard that Samuel Tilden is dead, after voting for him every election the last thirty years. Grandpa is wearing his overalls at half-mast. Fine growing weather. T. Egbert Peavey is rapidly growing quite fond of the new trimmer. Miss Euphemia Mudge, our poetess of passion, has got a job as second cook in the Hotel Hoppertown. The travelin' men all say they hope her cookin' ain't as hard to digest as her poetry. One travelin' man called for some steamed oats the other morning for breakfast and Euphemia went in and told him he was in a hotel, not a livery stable.

Mr. Chet Binks, our gentlemanly and congenial paperhanger and decorator, had orders to paint Hod Peters' house. He started early one morning

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and got Hi Spink's house half painted before he discovered his mistake. Hod and Hi are both madder'n wet hens. Hod has sent Hi a bill for the paint and Hi says Hod can go to tophet and if he ain't satisfied let him come and take his paint back. Chet is visitin' relatives down to the Rapids.

Rev. Hudnutt of the Hard Shell church expects to start on his vacation in the near future and shingle a barn



Rev. Hudnutt.

for Anson Judson and also do some paperhanging for Mr. and Mrs. Jay Higgins. Last Thursday night folks thought it was summer sure for the

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crickets was yellin' all evening. They found out later, however, it was only Bud Hicks settin' on the front stoop of the flour mill windin' his new dollar watch. Bud's new watch is guaranteed to run one year. Bud says by ginger it ought to, because it takes about one year to wind it up.

Owing to a break in our machinery, the Gazette has had to use a foldin' bed for a printing press this week. This issue therefore is a little behind time, but not so much so as the majority of our subscribers. Some slicker who don't belong here passed a counterfeit \$2 bill on William Tibbitts last week and Tibbitts had a fit under the counter. Mr. Tibbitts, who is one of our astute business men, dropped the bill in the collection plate at the meetin' house and took out \$1.95 change. When he counted his change he found five lead ten-cent pieces, three plugged nickels, two aluminum quarters and a Babbitt metal half dollar.

Elmer Spink has gone into training on the half-mile track out at the fair grounds and expects to get a job as floor walker in some department store. He ought to land the job, as he can do a mile in 11:57 out on the track, but he might not be able to do as well on a floor, as he might slip some. Maybe

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he could get a job as walking delegate for some union. Elmer says he would like that if it wasn't such a long distance between some towns. Hod Peters was defeated for rud commissioner as it was learned he favored the trusts. He buys combination underclothes.

Fine growin' weather. Bill Simms' boy Ezra has grewed nearly a foot this summer.

William Tibbitts, the groceryman, sent a bill to James Spink last week and found out later that James died during the World's fair at Chicago. What can a business man expect when he gets his news out of Hostetter's almanac? Willie Tumms is learning to play on a mandolin. He expects to get a lucrative position in some barber shop. Enos Hand, chief of Wide Awake fire department, expects to go to the Rapids soon to pick out some fall styles in hose which he has seen advertised at a bargain.

Amariah Tilson is taking lessons on the harp and he ought to make a dandy player as he holds the record as the fastest blackberry picker in these parts. Amariah is a good peach picker, too, and he certainly picked a peach when he got married, for she eloped with a travelin' man from Oskaloosa, Ioway, two weeks after.

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Chet Binks, our expert paperhanger, is busy puttin' porous plasters on the majority of our people since the cold snap.

The ground is friz up so solid the sexton out to the cemetery has to use dynamite. He says this is a hard world, especially in the winter.

Amos Green, the leader of the choir, had to use a tuning fork and he got so excited he swallowed the fork, and now he has music in his soul.

Mrs. Abijah Whiffen says her husband got a shampoo down to the Rapids the other day. Abijah says she is a liar. It wasn't no shampoo, but a real one.

William Tibbitts has bought a new safety razor to slice dried beef with. The Ladies' Aid will probably borrow it to cut bread for sandwiches at their next supper.

Owing to the shortage of grass the hay crop is small this year. This section runs more to grass widders—or after 'em as the case may be. Some fellers is so crooked they can hide behind a scythe snath.

Doc Hanks charged Silas Purdy ten shillin' for one visit. Sile says, judgin' by the price, he must have had a pretty high fever. The bartender at the Golden Nugget speaks four languages, base-

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ball, prize fight, poker and race track, in fact everything but English, and he can operate a cash register faster than a feller can run a typewriter. When he gets a-goin' on that register, it sounds like the McGibeny Family of Bell Ringers. It is not thought he will stay in our midst long because the proprietor of the Golden Nugget can't tell half the time whether it is no sale or a dollar and a half.

Jed Frink, our gentlemanly blacksmith, has got a new emery wheel that



can sharpen up anything but an appetite. Reginald Hickey writes home

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from college that he is studying several dead languages. He probably expects to become a materializing medium or an undertaker, but we don't know which.

Miss Amy Stubbs has got a new rat from down to the Rapids. It came by express last Thursday. Miss Stubbs is a blonde this season, but some say she looked handsomer as a blunette. Elmer Spink bought a new pair of patent leather shoes the other day, but the patent has expired and he has to wear black socks so folks won't notice the cracks in 'em.

Hi Scroggs of this town, who has been on the stage as living skeleton in the Clark Street Dime Museum in Chicago for fourteen years, has been obliged to quit. A funny story caused him to lose his job. Hi laughed and grew fat. Amariah Tilson, our gentlemanly and congenial tonsorial artist, has got a job mowing several lawns along Main street with his hair clippers. The people of this town enjoy a good laugh when it don't cost them anything. A corn doctor with a nigger comedian played to capacity three nights on Main street last week.

Hank Tumms has got a phonograph, but he hasn't got a good record. Amos Green, the leader of our meetin' house

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choir at the Hard Shell church, has gone down to the Rapids to take lessons from an osteopath. He thinks some of his vocal chords got twisted when he was singin' at James Purdy's funeral. There wasn't much excitement at the funeral, only an eccalectic fit by Miss Phyllis Swank and three runaways. Hod Peters' roan mare Cynthia won the race home from the graveyard, beating Deacon Stubbs' bay gelding by two rod.

Amos Butts, or congenial undertaker, says business is so poor he has rented the top part of his nickel plated hearse to William Tibbitts for a show case and has made two racin' sulkies out of the wheels.

The Hoppertown Ladies' Literary society has started a crusade against the smoke nuisance and Grandma Whipple has been warned to throw her pipe away.

The preachers say everything on this earth has some use, but, by gravy, I'd like to know what use the letter "p" is on the front end of pneumonia.

Pitchin' quates is all the go in this man's town. There ain't much news in the paper this week because Mrs. Ye Editor didn't attend the Ladies' Aid meeting. The yellows commissioners is investigating Tage Butts,

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who has got the janders. There has been very little news from West Hickeyville lately and investigation proves that our West Hickeyville correspondent died in the south during the Spanish-American war and forgot to send in his resignation.

Any barber that wants to commit suicide in a nice genteel way can move to this town and starve to death with neatness and dispatch. Uncle Ezra Harkins winds his whiskers around his neck for a muffler and Grandpa Bibbins wraps his around his waist for a belt to hold his overalls up. William Tibbitts has bought a second hand hearse down to the Rapids to use for a delivery wagon. Reginald Mudge, the art student, has just wrote home that he has had the pleasure of seeing a Rubens picture. Gee whiz, if he would come home he could see plenty of 'em in real life.

Hank Tumms has been readin' an article on Political Economy, but he says it is all bosh as there is no such thing as Political Economy. Last time he ran for rud commissioner it cost him \$6.45 in spite of all he could do.

Elmer Spink of our midst has gone to accept a lucrative position in the West Hickeyville flour and feed mill

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and the millinery store seems quite lonesome at this writing. The new trimmer says our blessings brighten as they take their flight.

Virtue is its own reward, especially when a feller is running a newspaper in a town like this. A fashion paper says straw hats went out of style this



month. By jing, most of the straw hats in this man's town went out of style about fifteen years ago. The cement walk in front of the U. B. church is cracked. Guess it must have been stretched too tight when it was put down. Old Cap Whipple was struck by lightning last Wednesday

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and suffered the loss of his wooden leg, which was burned off. He says he expects to have electric fits from this time on.

Abijah Wicks, who runs the Hotel Hoppertown, says there ain't much money in the hotel business now, as on account of the financial stringency most of the drummers put up at the Farmers' Ten-Cent Feed barn. Prof. Jimkey says the clarinet is one of the hardest instruments to learn to play on and, by gravy, it is also one of the hardest ones to listen to. Constable Ezra Hand has borrowed Old Cap Whipple's wooden leg to use for a billy club until his new one arrives.

Doc Hanks has invented a medicine that will cure anything from fever and eggue to appendicuts. Uncle Ab Wilkins, who had suffered from rheumatism, took one dose and now he hasn't got an ache or pain. They buried him day before yesterday. Miss Amy Stubbs, our popular and congenial milliner, has gone down to the Rapids to get a message on her face by an expert messenger and chiropodist.

Crops is looking fine and Ezra Harkins says he is going to cut his corn next week, but I'll bet a cookie he will do it with a razor.

REFLECTIONS OF UNCLE EZRA

The snake is the longest-waisted animal of which I know of.

Why is it a woman always cries at a weddin' and wishes the newly married couple much happiness while blowin' her nose?

An old sayin' is, "An apple a day keeps the doctor away." By ginger, an onion a day will keep everybody away.

No matter how bad off our forestry gits, there will always be plenty of presidential timber left.



Umbrellas and reputations is public property. The public always raises the former, but very seldom the latter.

The last time Deacon Stubbs was

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down to New York he looked all over hellshalfacre for one of them yaller newspapers we have heerd so much about, but couldn't find anything but white ones. He says the yaller ones must be some which has been stored away a long time and is yaller with age.

They are talking about puttin' up a new brick cold-storage buildin' in our town. They will probably have it built out of ice-cream bricks to get it cold enough.

The English papers says Alfred G. Vanderbilt is a poor coachman. By gravy, if I had sixty millions, they would have a hard time convincin' me that I was so very poor.

The only feller that can talk more and say less than a campaign orator is a barber.

There ain't much use bein' a natural blond if you are an actress, because nobody will believe it.

Miss Euphemia Mudge, our poetess of passion, is writin' a play for Charles Frohman. By jing! I wonder what Frohman will say when he finds it out.

Abner Hanks made a mistake the other day and filled the tank of his forty candle-power runabout with gin instead of gasoline, and the blamed

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thing wouldn't stay in the rud, but knocked the front porch off from Hilliker's general store and smashed four rod of fence in front of the meetin' house.

Hi Bibbins has got a new invention, which is photographin' ham on sandwiches so it looks like the real article. He ought to make his fortune around at camp-meetin's and county fairs.

Next to bein' night watchman in a casket factory, about the cheerfulest job I know of is bein' poet laureate for a tombstun works.

There ain't much harm in a feller that will stop to pet a yaller dog.



EVENTS AT HOPPERTOWN.

(From the Hoppertown Gazette.)

Deacon Stubbs, one of the pillars of our church, was over to Chicago last week and was took in by a long lost cousin who sold him a gold brick. William Tibbits, who has bought many of them, says it must have been



just some slicker who wasn't any relation to the deacon at all. Deacon Stubbs will probably get even by selling it to the church for twice what he gave for it like he did the coal stove with the big crack in the bottom. It is pretty hard to get ahead of a deacon or a railroad agent.

A bugologist or taxidermist or some other scientific feller of that sort told Hod Peters he had found a rare old

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relic on Hod's farm. Hod said he didn't know what it could be unless it was the mortgage. The Hotel Hoppertown now has running water in every room. The roof sprung a leak last Thursday night.

Mr. and Mrs. Anson Judson, the leaders of our smart set, have gone to Ottawa Beach for the summer. They expect to be back tomorrow night. A feller who has got a pate de foi gras appetite with a codfish income has one foot in the penitentiary, the other in the poorhouse, and his face is turned toward the setting sun. Elmer Spink is the most comical young man in this town. He dropped a cat in the town pump a month or so ago and now they are talking of starting mineral baths in our midst and making us a health resort.

Uncle Ezra Harkins says he lets his whiskers grow so as to get them out of his system.

The wringer broke while Mrs. Anson Judson's hired girl was doing the washing the other day and she had to run the clothes through the pianola.

Hoppertown will celebrate the Fourth. If the firecrackers don't come Uncle Ezra Harkins has promised to crack a couple of bushel of hickory nuts with his teeth so there will be

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plenty of noise for the young America of this vicinity. Grandma Whipple is thinking some of getting one of those new directoire gowns. While Jay Higgins was practicin' on his slide trombone the other day his wife tied the end of the trombone to the handle of her washin' machine and the whole wash was did before Jay got next.

Old Cap Whipple got stung the other day. He made a fishpole out'n basswood, but didn't catch a single bass, only a few bluegill. Rev. Hudnutt has had the bottom of the contribution plate at the meetin' house lined with sticky fly paper so when a feller drops in a quarter now he can't take out 45 cents change as formerly.

Miss Euphemia Mudge has wrote a letter to President Roosevelt and asked him to change the kind of stickum used on the postage stamps. She prefers vanilla or pineapple flavor, as lickin' stamps has been her entire occupation since she has been tryin' to get her latest poem published in one of the various magazines. Hank Tumms says the place for Euphemia's poems is in a powder magazine which is just about to bust.

Old Cap Whipple tried to commit suicide the other day by taking a drink of milk, but all he got was fever and

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eggue. Must have been a milk shake. Fine line of caskets and burial robes at Amos Butts. Fine nickel plated hearse for rent for parties, dances, receptions, etc., etc. By gravy, when a feller's wife calls him up on the telephone it is generally to call him down.

A blind feller was through here sellin' shoe strings the other day. This town is getting almost as busy as Chicago.

Hi Huggins, our photographer, says few people take a good picture. Hank Tumms says he took a good one once down to the Rapids in an art gallery, but they saw him and made him put it back. William Tibbitts borrowed Constable Ezra Hand's star to nail over a rat hole in the floor of the grocery store and the majesty of the law are goin' around now without any insignia. An agent was through here the other day distributin' Hostetters' almanacs and the members of the smart set of polite society are enjoyin' the first good laugh they have had in some time. Hod Peters says he don't believe in humor. The last time his wife read the almanac she laughed so hard her false teeth fell out and was busted in two on the floor and he had to send down to the Rapids for a new pair. The new pair was too big, but

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his wife manages to wear 'em, and they stretch her mouth so much Hod says she looks like a laughin' hynie at some circus or other.

Mrs. Ansel Bibbins has got a new set of false teeth at this writing. Let the improvements go on and we will



soon have quite a metropolitan-looking place. Bud Hicks says there is one good thing about having been in state's prison. Nobody will ever give you a job when you get out.

Miss Pansy Tibbitts is taking yellocution lessons now and can yell anything from "Beautiful Snow" to "Curfew Shall Not R-r-r-ring Tonight." Miss Tibbitts recites upon the least provocation and expects to go on the stage as soon as some good medicine

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show comes along. Renfrew Binks is also quite a savant on dramaticals. He played with Otis Skinner once. Otis was waiting at the railrud depot for the night express and him and Ren had three games of tunk.

Somebody kicked a hole in the base drum of the Hoppertown Silver Cornet band and let all the wind out. Hank Tumms has been at work with a bicycle pump all week trying to fill her up again. A bass drum and a politician ain't no good without wind. Uncle Ezra Harkins has recommended Peruna three times, Swamp Root nine times and Hostetters' Tonic twice, but ain't got his picture in the paper yet. Uncle Ezra says the road to fame is some arduous and disappointments is thicker'n hair on an Angora goat.

Three fellers in our midst has declared that they ain't goin' to git shaved until Bryan is elected president. Amariah Tilson, our talented and versatile barber, advertises his shop for sale cheap and will locate permanently in some other midst. Mr. and Mrs. Prof. Jimkey's new baby was born with a full set of teeth. Prof. says he don't know whether the kid is going to grow up to be a president or an iron-jawed man in some circus or other. Grandma Whipple sent down

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to the Rapids for a set of false teeth, but they was too high in the instep and she couldn't get her mouth shet with them in. Jed Frink, our gentlemanly and congenial blacksmith and dentist, says it is a wonder some folks will never learn to patronize home industry.

Old Cap Whipple says he wouldn't trade his corn for all the weather bureaux this side of Tophet. When his corn aches it is surely goin' to rain, maybe, and when it don't ache he don't know what is goin' to happen.

A good many old settlers that pass away forget to settle for the Gazette before doing so. Squire Haskins, our justice of the peace, has been settin' on two cases ever since last fall, the afore-said cases being, to-wit: two cases of red herrin' at Tibbitt's grocery.

Grandma Whipple, who has been at the point of death all winter, is takin' a rest from her labors at Jed Frink's blacksmith shop and is plowing Anse Judson's forty. Several lawns in this man's town is bald headed this spring. Next Saturday will be cleaning up day. The common council expects to throw Hank Tumms in Swazey creek. Hi Spink is diggin' a well so deep that when he is in the bottom of it he kin hear the Japs plottin' against Korea.

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Wide Awake Hose company had all the fire department apparatus out this week sprayin' fruit trees.

Miss Euphemia Mudge, our poetess of passion, has written a poem for this paper and same will be published when Miss Mudge antes up five cents a line which is our rates, the same as for cards of thanx. Simplified spelling is great stuff for the editor that uses it don't have to spend any time reading proof. Nobody knows whether it is right or not, not even the feller that invented it.

Old Cap Whipple says he was treated by a doctor the last time he was down to the Rapids. It ain't known what he took, but it's pretty near a cinch he took a little lick.

Miss Euphemia Mudge, our poetess of passion, has resigned her position as poet laureate in the tombstun works and is writing a poem which she expects to send to the Congressional Record, which is published at Washington, D. C. This is the only publication that Miss Mudge has not written for. Her work seems to have gone over the heads of all the other editors.

The last time this town went local option, it was pretty tough on the old toppers. The only places where they could buy lick was the following:

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Three drug stores, William Tibbitts' general store, upstairs over the livery stable, Hank Tumms' boat house, Jed Frink's blacksmith shop, Purdy's flour mill, Tilson's barber shop, Anse Judson's tool house, Deacon Stubbs' corn crib, Hod Peters' hen house, Room 365 Hotel Hoppertown and at the railrud station baggage room.

Swazey creek is flooded and Ezra Harkins, our local weather bureau, has consulted his rheumatiz and says the creek is goin' four feet and three-tenths higher. When it comes to weather Uncle Ezra is not only a bureau, but a whole bedroom set.

There is three feet of water in the basement of William Tibbitts' general store and fishin' through knotholes in the floor is all the rage. Grandpa Bibbins has caught one rubber boot and a second hand zinc washboard.

T. Egbert Peavey has given up his plan to locate down to the Rapids and has accepted a lucrative position as floorwalker in Amos Butts' livery stable. Old Cap Whipple is a regular end seat hog. Three women fell over him trying to get into the amen corner in the U. B. church last Sunday.

There is a telegram at the railrud depo which came a week ago last Thursday for Uncle Ezra Harkins and

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same is requested to call for it when he drives to town. Agent Renfrew Binks is very mysterious about it and says somebody is dead, but say the regulations won't allow him to reveal the identity of the late defunct. Hi Spink



has got mixed up with the government. He thrashed a rural free delivery man because the latter said Hi had to put a two cent stamp on a letter he was sendin'. Hi says it is a rural free delivery and dog bite his whiskers if he is going to pay a cent for sendin' mail.

Prof. Jimkey's Catarrh and Mandarin orchestra are ready to furnish music for dances, funerals and other society events. Fast and slow music a specialty. Miss Lutie Bibbins is learning to

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play on the phonograph at this writing. Cal Binks greased his nose with shoe blacking instead of arniky in the dark the other night and didn't find it out until two days later when he drove to town to sell a crate of eggs.

Last Sunday at the meetin' house Elder Hudnutt proposed that the church give something for the orphans. Deacon Stubbs arose and proposed that they give three cheers for the orphans.

Rev. Hudnutt has started a crusade agin the tunk game in the back of the grocery store. He is gitting too many poker chips in the plate at the meetin' house and in these days of financial stringency he is having trouble cashing them.

Miss Amy Stubbs is using her high school diploma for a rat at this writing. It makes a very neat roll and we must rise to remark that education is one of the most useful and valuable assets a young person can have.

Elmer Spink smokes "Pride of the Gravel Train" and is saving the coupons. When he gets 6,783,524 more coupons the company will give him a genuine imitation French briar pipe if he lives. Old Man Sperry died last week and went to the great beyond after reading this paper for nothing nineteen years. He will probably not

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find much of a change in the great beyond, as he had for twenty-seven years held the lucrative position of fireman at Gil Pritchard's sawmill down on Swazey creek.

Ezra Briggs' brindle tried to swallow a scythe and snath last week and feels quite cut up about it at this writing. Hank Tumms and Hi Huggins have returned from froggin' on Swazey creek. Old Cap Whipple asked Hank what he was going to do with the frogs and Hank said he was thinkin' of sellin' 'em to the railrud company that runs through our midst. Hank is quite comic sometimes. He ought to be writin' for some patent medicine almanac. There will be a show at Tibbitt's opry house three weeks from next Thursday night and polite society is on the qui viv. Mrs. Anson Judson has bought four seats and must be expectin' company from away. The name of it is "The Milkmaid's Revenge," direct from one night in New York and two weeks at Benton Harbor, Mich.

Hi Huggins and Deacon Stubbs expects to run a chuck luck game at the fair this coming fall. Bill Simms has fitted a wooden leg on his goose so the animal can get around now about as well as old Cap Whipple. Bill ain't so very slow. He could catch up with

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a hearse all right if the horses should stop at a watering trough. Mrs. Anson Judson has got a new dog cart. It is all right to think a lot of dogs and treat 'em well, but, by gravy, when you git them a special buggy to ride on, it is too much.

Old Cap Whipple has got a new wooden leg made out'n Norway poplar and every time he stands still in the rud for a minute his leg takes root and he has to have it chopped loose by the hook and ladder department. Elmer Spink bought a bottle of violet ink at Tibbitt's grocery the other day. Ah, there, Elmer, what's the lady's name?

Miss Lutie Bibbins expects to take a course in a musical observatory this winter. Hank Tumms says he always thought an observatory was a place where they made spy glasses, but Old Cap Whipple says Hank is a liar and that an observatory is a place where they keep flowers. Of course they are both wrong. An observatory is the place where the weather comes from.

William Tibbitts sold a package of hooks and eyes Thursday. Must be somebody is having a new dress made at this writing.

Elmer Spink's shoulder was all covered with powder the other day which

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he said he got by carryin' home a sack of flour. Tell that to the marines, Elmer. A feller don't go to a millinery store to buy flour.

Grandma Whipple is not much better at this writing and there ain't many hopes for her. She lathed and plastered two houses last week and is digging a well at this writing for Uncle Ezra Harkins.

Amos Butts, our popular and congenial undertaker, has gone to Chicago for an extended visit of two days. Those expecting to die please call up his wife, who is also an expert embalmer, also messaging, manicuring, chiropoding and palm reading.

Hank Tumms drops a quarter in the collection plate at the meetin' house every Sunday and takes out a half dollar change. No kick has been made, as the folks believe the money may as well go to the heathen at home as abroad.

Thieves have been robbin' William Tibbitts' ice chest and he has went down to the Rapids to buy one of those chest protectors he has seen advertised so much of late. Some feller cut a hole in the bellows of the pipe organ at the meetin' house and when Old Cap Whipple started to pump her up she blew him out of the winder. There

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wasn't no wind for the organ so Rev. Hudnutt made up the deficiency by preaching an hour longer than usual.

The last time Mr. and Mrs. Deacon Stubbs was down to the Rapids they heard there was a lot of drummers at



the Morton House and they went and stood there half the afternoon, but they didn't hear a single tune. The deacon says the Rapids is a great place to get stung, but he got even by passing a pewter 5-cent piece on a street car conductor.

Seth Purdy, our gentlemanly and congenial druggist, also chest protectors and false teeth to rent by day or week (see adv. on page 3), says he is in favor of local option in our midst. If the drug store would only put on a

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free lunch it might be all right. Deacon Stubbs' mule Hyacinth swallowed about nine rod of barb wire fence last week and now the deacon says he can see good points sticking out all over her.

A forty candlepower sneeze wagon from the Rapids hastened through our village last Thursday and knocked down the town hall. They let loose a couple of snorts on the horn all right, but the town hall didn't have time to get out of the way. I suppose they will claim that was contributory negligence.

Hod Peters has moved into a new house that has got hot and cold gas, hard wood plumbing, open floors and southern exposure. He told Rev. Hudnutt he had bought the place on the installation plan, \$1 down and 25 cents a month, and if his great grandchildren are industrious, they can at least get the front stoop paid for.

Mrs. Ansel Hanks is now ready to take in boarders. Those who are prepared to be taken in will find no better place. Mrs. Hanks serves roast beef Sunday, cold roast beef Monday, beef hash Tuesday, beef croquets Wednesday, beef stew Thursday, beef a la mode Friday and picked up beef Saturday. Jelly roll every Sunday, weath-

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er permittin'. Short order cooking a specialty. All orders are short. Miss Amy Stubbs has a new straight front.

Anson Judson, our local financial magnate, is playing golf for his health at this writing. It is the first time he ever did anything for his health around here. Miss Amy Stubbs is the best waltzer in this town and she ought to be because she is a Daughter of the Revolution.

Constable Ezra Hand has appeared on our streets with a new pair of felt boots and arctics. Let the improvements go on. Grandma Whipple, who has been at the point of death for nine years, is diggin' a drain on the Anson Judson place and expects to have it done before snow flies.

Fine line of caskets and burial robes, inquire Amos Butts, also livery, feed and sales stables. T. Egbert Peavey has got a fine new pair of pajamas to wear Sundays and to the county fair. He is certainly the George M. Cohan of these parts when it comes to up-to-date clothes.

Mr. and Mrs. Ye Editor have returned from an extended visit of two hours and a half at Niagry Falls. We didn't have time to buy all the picture post cards. Mrs. Ye wanted to see the falls, too, so we just bought the

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post cards. Those who are in arrears to this paper, whose names is legion, will please call and settle as times is quite scarce at this writing. Ye editor needs a new pair of pants as the ones he used to have was stole off from him by a hack driver at the Falls and he had to come home in one of Mrs. Ye's skirts which is all right for traveling purposes, but is rather awkward to work in around the office. Come one, come all.

T. Egbert Peavey is growing whiskers on the side of his face in front of his ears and there is some doubts at this writing whether he is going to be a corn doctor or a book agent. The temperament is about 93 above Mercury in this man's town this week and Elmer Spink's genuine imitation diamond melted last Wednesday and run all over his shirt front before he knowed it. Elmer says it must be pretty hot to melt a diamond and he can see where he is out three dollars and a half all right.

Hank Tumms stole the sheet iron thunderstorm from the opry house this week and used it mend a large hole in his tin roof.

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REFLECTIONS OF UNCLE EZRA

Ansel Jimkey has been appointed game warden. He ought to make a good one, because what he don't know about baseball and draw poker ain't worth tryin' to find out.

I have seen a lot of French horns on automobiles, but, by gravy! I have seen a lot blame sight more green-horns on 'em.

A fellow who puts a matrimonial ad. in the paper is running a long ways down the road to meet trouble.

It is getting so nowadays that a feller who chaws tobacco is almost as much of a freak as a fellow was twenty years ago who didn't.

A feller who thinks he has got to tell you the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth about yourself is more of a nuisance than a downright durn liar.

Our milliner is using a shredded-wheat biscuit for a rat, and the constable is working on the case, trying to find out if she is violating the pure-food law.

Pansy Tibbits, of our town, is taking music lessons at some conservatory. Hank Pike says a conservatory is a

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place where they keep fish, but Uncle Hod Peters says Hank is a liar, and that a place where they keep fish is an antiquarian.

Hank Tumms says that all this talk about Congress doin' so much for in-



fant industries is a blamed lie. Hank has got nineteen kids and says Congress ain't never done nothin' for him.

About the most aggravatin' thing in the world is to see a seven-dollar dog eat up a twenty-dollar bill.

Some men are born poor and others acquire automobiles.

Rev. Stubbs has got the shingles. Now would be a good time to put a new roof on the church.

Grandma Spink has got a new set of

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false teeth. Let the improvements go on and we will have a pretty fine lookin' town.

Virtue is its own reward, especially if a feller is running a seven-column paper in a one-column town.

I'd hate to see a lady chaw tobacco or smoke a pipe, but, by cracky! I'd rather see 'em doing that than kissing poodle dogs.

There are a whole lot of people suffering from inflammatory religion.

A pessimist is a feller that stays hum and waits for it to rain, while the other folks go to the picnic.

A nature fakir is a woman who uses an old stocking for a rat.

Many women are not as bad as they are painted.

There are a lot of old settlers in our midst who never settle for anything. What's in a name?

EVENTS AT HOPPERTOWN.

(From the Hoppertown Gazette.)

T. Egbert Peavey has got a new pair of ice cream pants that turn up at the bottom and is making quite a hit with the new trimmer at Miss Amy Stubbs'



millinery emporium. Renfrew Binks, the station agent, has got a trained woodpecker and has taught it to send messages on the telegraph instrument with its bill.

Rev. Hudnutt of the Hard Shell meetin' house has had his photograph took to distribute among the members of his flock. This is the best picture we have published of him since he

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took Peruna back in 1885 and it is said to be a speakin' likeness. By gum, it would be a hard job to get a likeness of a preacher that wasn't a speakin' likeness. The Rev. has had a plug hat ever since the days of the James G. Blaine Marching club and has it rigged up to take collections in at the meetin' house. When a feller drops in a \$2 bill nothing happens. When a quarter is dropped in a horn blows and when a penny is dropped in a gun goes off. All the regular members of the church is badly powder burned and look like battle-scarred veterans. When the plug hat is passed around among the regular congregation Old Cap Whipple says it sounds like the battle of Gettysburg. Old Cap ought to know because he was there when the battle of Gettysburg started. Before it had been going on two hours Old Cap was in Waterbury, Conn., heading nor', nor'east.

There will be a surprise party next Thursday evening on Mr. and Mrs. Jay Higgins. Grandma Whipple pitched eight wagonloads of hay yesterday and it is feared she cannot linger in our midst much longer. She used to pitch sixteen a day right along. Fine folding chairs for rent for funerals and weddin's. Enquire of Amos Butts. T. Egbert Peavey expects to run a cane

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rack at the fair over to West Hickeyville. Any feller that can throw a two-inch ring over a cane with a four-inch head on it gets the cane. Since her trip abroad Miss Lizzie Beebe is convalescent with several languages. Washin' took in by the day or week, enquire of Mrs. Hank Tumms. Mr. Hank Tumms is now in politics and is making a canvass for rud commissioner.

Old Cap Whipple sat down on a spool of barb wire in front of Tibbitts' store without lookin'. Old Cap never could see the fine points of a thing. Eben Hand broke up the James Huggitt funeral last Thursday by suffering an attack of St. Vitus dance. There is a place to dance, but it ain't at a funeral.

Doc Frisby advertises himself as a painless dentist, but we notice he is laid up with rheumatiz once in a while just the same. Miss Amy Stubbs, our up-to-date milliner, has just received a new set of barbed wire hat frames direct from Paris (Ill.). She has also received a new blonde trimmer from down to the Rapids. Who ever see a blonde that wasn't light headed?

Somebody stole the clapper off the meetin' house bell to use for a bass

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drum stick for the Hoppertown Silver Cornet band and Deacon Stubbs, one of the pillars of the church, expects to have the law on somebody. Constable Ezra Hand is working on the case, but he has no glue as to who done it as Hank Tumms, the base drummer, says he kin prove an albino as he was in jail over to West Hickeyville for tryin' to make a check for \$1.85 make a noise like \$18.50. It is believed if the outraged people of the town had some feathers and some tar and somebody to put them on, there would be a tar and feather party.

Grandma Whipple, which has been at the point of death for nine year, is taking physical culture lessons at this writing and throwed Hank Tumms three times out of five at the Olympian games back of the postoffice last Thursday afternoon.

It was several degrees above Fahrenheit here one day this week and one of the wax figgers in Tibbitts' general store lost her nose and part of one ear.

The last time he was down to the Rapids Uncle Ezra Harkins drank a fancy drink called the puss cafe and says it made him feel real kittenish. T. Egbert Peavey has got a new monologue which he wears in one eye, and when his celluloid collar is clean he

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looks like a regular jim-slicker of a dude. Grandma Whipple is failing fast. She was only able to plow nine acres Monday. She has got the goldingest longevity in this vicinity for an invalid and Amos Butts is thinkin' some of selling his hearse.

Uncle Ezra Harkins says the weather office is a liar when it says there was only two inches last Friday night. He ketched three foot of rain in his



barrel and his neighbor, Hi Huggins, ketched two foot in his, makin' five foot that he knows of personally and there was probably a lot more.

This is a weakly paper, but it would be a durn sight stronger if some of the elite members of the local smart set

THE BLUE JEANS

would drop in and settle once in a while. According to the old blue laws, a feller couldn't whistle on Sunday, but Hank Tumms says it is wusser than that down to the Rapids, for a feller can't even wet his whistle. Old Cap Whipple and our village president and congenial undertaker, Amos Butts, went to a theater show down to the Rapids Sunday. The name of the play was Vaudeville. Old Cap said it was pretty fair in parts, but the plot of the piece he ain't got figgered out yet.

Hod Peters traded a grindstun, buggy whip, patent wringer and two joints of stove pipe with Hi Spink for a corn planter, two bushels of apples, a phonograph and a family bible. Currency ain't needed in these parts. A feller which can eat peas with a knife ain't got no buisness on a farm. He ought to go into voodville and get 12 shillin' a week as a juggler.

The Rev. Hudnutt is busy these days patchin' the parsonage roof with wheat pancakes. If we only had elastic currency a feller ought to be able to buy plenty of suspenders all right.

Miss Pansy Tibbitts has went to West Hickeyville to attend the aluminum banquet of her alma matter, the West Hickeyville Female Conserva-

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tory. Hank Tumms says a conservatory is where they keep fish, but Old Cap Whipple says Hank is a liar, for the place where they keep fish is an antequarian.

T. Egbert Peavey stumped the county last week tryin' to sell clothes wringers, but he came back disgusted. He says clothes wringers is just like kids around here. Every family has four or five.

Old Cap Whipple took a drink of water when he was down to the Rapids Sunday and has been laid up ever since. Ike Wiggins Sundayed and Mondayed down to the Rapids. He didn't expect to Monday there, but he couldn't get the court to set Sunday on his case.

Hank Tumms ought to be about the cleanest man in our village. His wife keeps him in hot water all the time.

Hank Tumms is in trainin' out on the fair grounds track. He expects to run for coroner next fall. Hod Peters says, next to bein' ornery pall bearer at some funeral, he would rather be floor manager at some dance than anything else.

Doc Hanks says Elder Stubbs has got the shingles. By ginger, now would be a good time to put a new

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roof on the meetin' house. A feller down to the Rapids tried to bunco Elmer Spink. Elmer was wanting to buy a bicycle and the feller tried to sell him a twenty-two pound one for \$35. Elmer said he could get a fifty pound one a durn sight cheaper than that right to hum. That was one slicker that got left, all right.

Old Cap Whipple says a chocolate Sunday must be a durn religious drink. Hank Tumms was out driving last week. He drove a forty foot well for Anse Judson. Hi Huggins is getting his cane rack painted and it must be some circus or other is coming this way soon. Grandpa Bibbins found a trial bottle of Doc Hanks tonic in his whiskers this week. He had missed it since early last fall. The tunk game in the back room of the drug store lasted nearly all night Thursday. It didn't break up and let the fellers go home until nearly 9 o'clock.

A one-horse grocery store or a one-horse barber shop is all right, but Amos Butts says a one-horse livery stable ain't much good, especially when there is a funeral. Miss Amy Stubbs has got the hives and a new switch and between scratchin' and fixin' up her back hair she is kept so busy that she don't have no time to run

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her millinery emporium.. Miss Lutie Bibbins, who runs the dancing school, is introducing a new dance which is called the St. Vitus.

A mail clerk threw a mail pouch off the railrud train here t'other night, but the train was goin' so fast the pouch didn't light until it got pretty near down to the Rapids. Seven love letters for Miss Bibbins, our popular trimmer, was delayed until next day. Good growin' weather. Elmer Spink is goin' sailin' on the lakes. He comes by it natural. His father used to run a stoneboat on Old Cap Whipple's north forty.

Old Cap Whipple has rented out his wooden leg for a churn dasher over to Bill Hanks' place on the Hickeyville rud. Miss Amy Stubbs expects to take the 5:45 for the Rapids three weeks from next Thursday. Globe trotters is quite numerous in our midst. Judson's folks had watermelon for dinner Sunday. William Tibbitts is spending his spare time building his coffin. A feller has got to have some excitement in this man's town.

Reginald Hickey, our actor who is spending the summer here with his mother, says he never played in Vau-deville and doesn't even know what state it is in, but he has played in

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Proutyville several times. This is getting to be quite a metropolitan place. Hank Tumms trimmed the fringe off the bottom of his pants in Lem Scroggs' feed cutter Thursday. Miss Euphemia Mudge has had 500 calling cards printed at the Gazette office this week, so it must be she ain't figgering on changin' her name very soon. The last lot she got lasted fourteen years.

Hank Tumms weighs 280 pounds.



He says when he was a kid he was so big they had to rock him to sleep in a corn crib.

Elmer Spink started for West Hickeyville yesterday, but something must have happened to him, as Postmaster Tibbitts says Miss Amy Stubbs ain't received no picture postal cards

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from him yet. Foul play is suspected and Constable Ezra Hand and the Ladies' Aid is workin' on the case. Hod Peters has got a new spring suit. William Tibbitts started it agin him for a grocery bill. Miss Lutie Bibbins says when she gets up to sing she never knows what to do with her hands. Old Cap Whipple says the best thing she could do with them would be to hold them over her mouth.

T. Egbert Peavey says when he worked at that ice cream sody fountain down to the Rapids he was so busy that when he started to bed at night he used to meet himself gettin' up. Spring styles is all the go now. Anson Judson has got a new pair of spring hinges on the door of his private office and William Tibbitts has got a new spring lock on his cracker barrel. It is rumored that Grandma Whipple is contemplatin' buying a new pair of spring heel shoes. Grandma's instep is so low that the holler of her foot makes a hole in the ground.

Hiram Jenks, our landscape painter, ain't much on paintin' animals. He says it is hard to paint a hoss for you can't get the critter to stand still long enough. Besides, the paint fills up the pores in the hoss' skin so he can't swet. A dog bit Hank Tumms the

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other day and now the dog is liable to die from the rabbits superinduced by acute alcoholism. The Gazette office is closed today for the editor is having his pants pressed down to the tailorin' shop.

Rev. Hudnutt said he was going to exchange pulpits with the preacher over to West Hickeyville last Sunday, but everybody that went to church was fooled as the same old pulpit was there. Preachers can joke once in a while. But there is one consolation. The West Hickeyville fellers was just as badly fooled as we was. Miss Pansy Tibbitts sent down to the Rapids for some quinine and they sent it in capsules. She says she don't like to get quinine that way as it took too long to shuck the dum things before taking 'em. Folks all thought she was eatin' peanuts.



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REFLECTIONS OF UNCLE EZRA

The other night, when they had company to dinner, Hod Peter's wife told him that it wasn't etiquette to set



down to the table in his shirt-sleeves; but Hod said he'd be ding swizzled if he was goin' to take his shirt off, etiquette or no etiquette.

The only way to get the laugh on a magazine editor is to tear up your manuscript and throw it in the fire before sending it.

Many a successful poet got his start writing epithets for tombstuns.

Ansel Jimkey, our tonsorial artist and leader of the band and orchester, busted the G string on his violin the

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other day, and says there will be no more music in this burg until he runs across a stray cat somewhere.

Hiram Huggins has got a new oat-mobile, which he calls a "runabout." It will run about forty rod, and then they have to get out and fix it.

There is several kinds of mollycod-dles, but they all wear passionate socks and smoke cigarettes.

If Andrew Carnegie really wants to die poor, he might try writing for the magazines.

There ain't a campaign orator in the business who couldn't make more money selling patent medicine.

The difference between a statesman and a demagogue is that the statesman has got the job.

The funniest thing I ever saw was a feller with one tooth trying to eat sweet corn off the cob.

It rained cats and dogs the other day, and they had veal stew for dinner at the huttel.

If there is any job more ticklish than climbin' through a barb wire fence, it is that of expressin' your honest opinion of your wife's folks.

It is getting so nowadays you can't tell from a feller's clothes and hair-cut whether he is a rube or a genius.

There ain't no style about some

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fellers. Abner Hanks, of our town, drives around in his spring wagon until 'way late in the fall.

You kin tell a carpenter by his chips, and, by gravy, you kin tell a poker player the same way.

If they ever adopt that elastic currency in this country, I suppose a feller will have plenty of money to buy suspenders with.

If Roosevelt gets too strong with his nature-fakin' charges he will git to be disliked in my town for bein' too pussonal. Those of us who ain't got false teeth have got glass eyes, cork legs, artificial hair, cold-cream complexions or dyed whiskers.

When I see a widder wearin' crape twenty-five or thutty years, I always think that her husband must have died before she got very well acquainted with him.



EVENTS AT HOPPERTOWN.

(From the Hoppertown Gazette.)

T. Egbert Peavey made love to a young chorus girl down to the Rapids



last Sunday, but her grandson came out of the stage entrance just in time to give T. Egbert a good thumpin'. Ah there, Egbert.

Old Cap Whipple is getting pretty well acquainted down to the Rapids. He can call three bartenders and one policeman by their first names. Elmer Spink says there is a swell lot of trimmers in them millinery stores down to the Rapids, and he knows for he is

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quite an epicure. There is a good many holdups in these parts nowadays. Seven fellers came back from the Rapids with new suspenders.

By ginger, if old Diogeens should come around here lookin' for an honest man, somebody would steal his lantern before he got as far as Ab Renfrew's sawmill. Bud Hicks is back from Jackson, where he has had a steady job since Deacon Stubbs missed his roan colt five years ago.

Friends are sending fruit to Grandma Wiggins, who is very poorly at this writing. Ye Editor sent a can of squash. She is expected to pass away soon. Hank Tumms says William Tibbitts, the groceryman, ought to have a leather medal for putting that patent wire cover over the cracker barrel and locking the blind robbins up in a drawer back of the counter. Hank spends his time in Ezra Bibbins' harness shop these days instead of the grocery.

William Tibbitts took out some life insurance the other day and now Mrs. Tibbitts says he will probably keep on livin' just for spite. If William expects to die he had orter taken out fire insurance.

Mrs. Anson Judson got a letter from Tonawanda, N. Y., day before

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yesterday and now polite society is on the qui vive, for it is expected she is going to get a Morris chair or something from a soap house. A woman who marries a poet generally takes him for better or for verse.

Hank Tumms says no wonder they call 'em highballs. A feller can't get one for less than 15 cents. Grandma Whipple stopped in and picked out a coffin down to the Rapids. She walked to the Rapids and back to attend the fair and it is feared she can't last much longer as she is failing fast. Amos Butts, our popular and congenial undertaker and folding chairs to rent, is sore because Grandma Whipple don't patronize home industries when buying her coffins.

Anson Judson has had inconsistent lights put in his house.

Miss Amy Stubbs, one of our most attractive brunettes, has returned from Grand Rapids and she is a blonde this time.

T. Egbert Peavey's patent shoes is all cracked. I guess the patent must have expired. Amos Butts' roan mare has the epizootic at this writing and he has to borrow a horse to help out on the hearse on busy days. The old blue laws says a man shall not kiss his wife on Sunday, but, by gravy, what

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Hoppertown needs is a law to prevent a man kissin' some other feller's wife. Grandma Whipple still hangs on and may recover sufficient to do her spring plowin'. Seth Wiggins' folks expect to have strubry shortcake for dinner Saturday.

T. Egbert Peavey got a new fashioned hair cut from Fred Pierce down to the Rapids last week. It looks the same in front as behind and T. Egbert can't tell, half the time, whether he is leavin' home or just getting back. They was going to try Lute Spink in Squire Stubbs' court, but Lute hopes to get a change of venison. Wide Awake Hose company was called out last Wednesday. Enos Hand's celluloid collar had took fire while he was sitting in the sun.

The Gazette are going to run a beauty contest and the handsomest lady gets a patent wringer. Old maids and grass widders not allowed. It is thought that Miss Mazie Bibbins, the new trimmer at Miss Stubbs' millinery parlors, will get the prize as Elmer Spink has already bought \$3 worth of tickets.

A strained nurse from Chicago has came to take care of Grandma Whipple. This is good weather for planting. Four funerals since Sunday and

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that's going some for these parts. Elmer Spink went over to West Hickeyville last Tuesday to see William Alden Smith change cars. Hank Tumms has bought a nickel's worth of washers to drop in the horseless piano at the Golden Nugget Buffet.

Hi Huggins is the champion frog leg catcher in these parts and he expects to work his stunt up into a vau-



deville act in the near future. Hi kin holler just like a frog and can whinney like a hoss and kin bray like a mewl. In fact he kin imitate almost anything on earth except a man workin' for a livin'.

A one-armed man selling lead pencils was in our midst Wednesday last.

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This is getting to be quite a metropolitan place. Enos Hand Tuesdayed at West Hickeyville. Calling cards printed at the Gazette office. Why is it a homely galoot with a face like a horse and buggy always marries the prettiest girl in town? Grandpa Bibbins hasn't had his whiskers trimmed since the Chicago fire. He found a robin's nest in them last Sunday.

Uncle Ezra Harkins, who is the oldest man in our midst at this writing, has bought a second hand bicycle and will stump the county selling crayon portraits. It will be funny if he don't get those lace curtains of his wrapped up in the wheel and break his old fool neck. Good second hand teet with haircloth finish and second hand what-not for sale at this office.

Hank Tumms says Old Cap Whipple can beat any man in this county playing seven-up. We won't name any names, but we think the man who said that is a liar. Old Cap Whipple had the misfortune to sprain his wrist while pitching quates back of the post-office last week and has been incapacitated from following his business, which is whittling back of the stove in Tibbitts' grocery.

They had Irish stew at Hank Tumms' Sunday and Hank fished out a

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wire dish rag, a set of false teeth and a rattle box. He found almost everything in it but the family bible and it was almost as funny as a grab bag at a Methody church social. We take coffins and tombstones on subscription.

T. Egbert Peavey says he got fooled t'other Sunday down to the Rapids. The Furniture City band was advertised as a band of thirty pieces, but all they played was five. Enos Hand has got the janders and he is almost yaller enough to go to work for Hearst.

Hank Tumms and Hi Huggins has gone froggin' on Swazey creek and the bartender at the Golden Nugget is taking a well earned vacation from our midst at this writing. Havin' run out of porous plasters, William Tibbitts, our extinguished groceryman, is selling sticky fly paper instead. Elmer Spink has been layin' in the creek four days and nights tryin' to soak one off.

Talk about being up to date. When there is a fire in this man's town the chief sets down and notifies the members of the department by pustal card. A strained nurse from down to the Rapids is here attending Mrs. Anson Judson's French poodle, which is ill with an affectation of the stomach. There is folks here who remember Mrs.

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J. when she was washin' dishes at the Hotel Hoppertown, but far be it from us to mention such a thing. We never rake up the past or git personal by naming names. Old Cap Whipple has got a new job, stoppin' up a hole in the water works standpipe with his wooden leg. He don't git a chance to sit down and it's a good job if he can stand it.

The Ladies' Aid gave a lawn feet on Mrs. Anson Judson's lawn Tuesday evening for the benefit of the heathen in Madagascar. Refreshments consisting of Japanese lanterns and paper napkins were served. Those attending got fooled and the heathen got \$1.98.

They are thinkin' of buildin' an inertuben railrud through our midst. Second hand tombstun for sale at this office for somebody who expects to die by the name of Jackson as that is the name carved on it.

Doc Hanks says every time he looks at Uncle Ezra Harkins lately he thinks Darwin was right after all. Uncle Ezra certainly has been making one of himself since he began courtin' Grandma Whipple. Doc Hanks attends all the old soldiers in this vicinity. He ought to be called in by all sick veterans as he is a veteranary

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surgeon. (Adv.) Amariah Tilson, our gentlemanly and accomplished tonsorial artist, charged Chet Binks double price for a shave this week because Chet has got the mumps. Since Miss Amy Stubbs, our milliner, had her own hair washed at a manicure parlor down to the Rapids her switch is too dark. Seventeen of our citizens took advantage of the excursion down to the Rapids last Sunday. Bet the tintype studios and the 3-cent restaurants had a big day. Hank Tumms and Old Cap Whipple said the lid was on, but they didn't mind it as they took a couple of bottles of catarrh cure along with them.

Honesty may or may not be the best policy, but a feller never has a chance to find out in this man's town. William Tibbitts now sells ice cream sody water in his grocery store. It is something brand new, but ye editor, who got a glass of it the other day, don't think much of it, as it is most all wind and too hard to swaller.

T. Egbert Peavey expects a job in the theatrical business as leading man with Doc Hanks' Marsh Root Patent Medicine show and T. Egbert will probably be a matinee idol and one of the brightest stars in the ferment. He will be supported by a capable com-

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pany. His mother has did it so far. T. Egbert is a disciple of Edwin Booth or Ballington Booth, I don't recall which, and will do the legitimate on parallel bars in the main show and will double in brass on a juice harp in the orchester.

It rained here last Thursday. It also rained Tuesday, Saturday, Wed-



nesday, Monday and Friday. On Sunday it cleared up for Ansel Hodge's funeral and quite a pleasant time was had. Old Cap Whipple says he ain't been in Chicago since the Chicago fire. Chicago has missed something. Cap has bought all his gold bricks down to the Rapids. Elmer Spink had on the first straw hat of the season yesterday. From its appearance it was also about the first one ever manufactured. Why

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is it the worst singers always sing the loudest at a funeral? Grandma Whipple still lingers on. Guess she thinks we don't need that type we have got tied up in the resolutions of respect passed by the Ladies' Aid three weeks ago.

Deacon Stubbs says all the excelsior has disappeared out of his hoss collars and he lays it to rats and we guess he is right for his daughter, Miss Amy Stubbs, has made several new excelsior rats lately. Miss Lutie Bibbins, our accomplished musicaner and singer, wants her Pa to let her take Technique. But old man Bibbins says all the rest of the family have always taken Hanks' Family Tea, and what's good enough for the rest of the family is good enough for her and he don't believe much in these new fangled medicines anyhow.



REFLECTIONS OF UNCLE EZRA

A picture postal card arrived in our midst from Paris, France, last week, and nineteen citizens have announced their candidacy for postmaster.

Mrs. J. Frothingham Butts, our society leader, has sent to New York for some of that pink tea she has read so much about in the society columns.

Miss Euphemia Mudge, of our village, says she is in love with her Art; but, by ginger, we ain't been able as yet to find out what Art's last name is.

One difference between a balky hoss and a balky wife is that you can unhitch a balky hoss without hirin' a lawyer to prove incompatibility of temperature.

A young man kin get a high-falutin' education at Yale or Harvard, but, if he wants to get good hoss sense, the place to go is to some veterinary college.

It may be all right to belong to the Four Hundred, but, by gravy, I'd hate to have any of the Four Hundred belong to me.

There is a question as to whether the feller that parts his hair in the middle and shows the soft spot in his head is

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any more of a chump than the feller that parts his hair on the side and covers it up.

They say accidents will happen in the best of families, and accordin' to reports from Pittsburg, most of them do.

I ain't much in sympathy with this woman's suffrage movement. I think the women have suffered enough already.



It takes a pretty good sprinter to get home with his wife's new bunnit before the style changes.

Job may have had boils, but, by jing, he never grabbed his wife's hot curlin' iron in a dark bedroom and put it in his mouth by mistake for a cigar.

The government laws on substitution may be pretty strict, but they

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can't prevent us from using a good old buckwheat pancake for a porous plaster.

Anybody can write for a magazine, but it won't be sent unless the subscription is paid in advance.

Education is a great thing. A school teacher who is extra efficient can get thutty-five dollars a month. A plumber gets five dollars a day.

Hi Huggins says he can't afford an automobile to take his gal out ridin' in, but as long as the old gray mare lives he has got a good spark plug, anyhow.

I know a feller who is usin' four hoop snakes for rubber tires on his buggy, and I ain't any nature faker, either.

There ain't much in a name, after all. I know a stationary engineer who has had nine different jobs in three months.



EVENTS AT HOPPERTOWN.

(From the Hoppertown Gazette.)

Elmer Spink has quit the crayon portrait business and has got a new job canvassing for a little vest pocket appliance called the Handy Home Companion which combines the following: Corkscrew, lightning rod,



corn husker, potato knife, curling iron, corn trimmer, screwdriver, monkey wrench, can opener, looking glass, microscope, typewriter, glass cutter, cash register, nail file, jack plane, tack

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hammer, pocket knife, lead pencil, foot rule, tooth brush, cherry pitter, nutmeg grater, tuning fork, fine tooth comb, soldering iron, button hook, fly chaser, fountain pen, gimblet, safety razor, key ring, curry comb, skeleton key, flat iron handle, camera, pinking iron, try square, lemon squeezer and potato bug sprayer and sells for a nickel, a half a dime. Elmer says the only thing it won't do is to make counterfeit money. Elmer figgers that if he sells eighty-five million of them a month he will soon be on Easy street.

Hank Tumms, who has been ailing for some time, had a diagnosis of physicians on him the other day and they decided he was suffering from spongeitis. He had an operation seven years ago and when the doctors got through and sewed him up they left a sponge inside. Since that time he has been the worst old soak in this man's town.

Hi Huggins has invented a new flyin' machine. He says he will sail through the air on it and when he wants it to light he will touch a match to it. Hi is almost as comic as an almanac.

Constable Ezra Hand has bought a set of brass buttons from Station Agent Renfrew Binks down to the rail-

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rud depot and will have them put on his new police uniform. There is some class to Ez, mostly second class. Hod Peters has sent down to the Rapids for a set of jackscrews to use on his farm. It is not known definite what he is going to do, but it is rumored he is going to try and raise the mortgage.

It is an old saying that there is no fool like an old fool. Uncle Ezra Harkins went down to the Rapids on the last excursion and was fooled by a slicker. Ezra was looking for some bulbs to plant in his garden. A feller sold him an electric light bulb and Ez brought it home and set it in the garden out back of the house. He says he expects to raise an electric light plant.

Grandma Whipple, who has been failing rapidly the past seven years, has got a new Merry Widow bunnit. Mrs. Ye Editor has got the janders, five of the olive branches have the measles, our mother-in-law has got the jumpin' neuralgia, our society editor is laid up with the appendicitis, our devil has the mumps, our pressman has the delirium tremens and Ye Editor isn't feeling very well himself.

Reginald Hickey, who has been heavy man with the De Coursey stock company the past season, has come

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home to spend the summer with his mother, who takes in plain sewing by the day or week. Hank Tumms said whoever hired Reginald for a heavy man was stung, as Reginald only weighs 132. Old Cap Whipple said that's nothing, as he once knowed an actor who weighed 346 and the papers all got fooled into calling him a light comedian on account of the color of his hair and Old Cap said Hank was a liar and Constable Ezra Hand had to interfere and pry Hank and Old Cap apart with a crowbar.

T. Egbert Peavey has got a new plug hat which folds up like the bellers at Jed Frink's blacksmith shop. For everyday use he wears it shet, but opens her up to the last notch like a cab driver for polite social functions. He says it is an opry hat, but nobody around here has heard it play a tune yet. I guess T. Egbert got stung on the opry part of it.

Old Cap Whipple has got a new cork tip on his wooden leg and is now one of the best pool players in our midst. William Tibbitts has got a new codfish out in front of his grocery store. Hank Tumms' dog stole the last one and run off with it down the rud. More than half of it was spoiled for sale before being recaptured. Rev.

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Hudnutt is kalsomining the meetin' house at this writing and looks as if he had been using his whiskers for a kalsomine brush.

Old Cap Whipple has got a new job with his wooden leg. He has got notches cut in it and he stands out in Swazey creek so the people can see if the flood is raising or falling. Old Cap



says the only help for this town is to dam the river and a good many people in our midst are following his suggestion, with the exception of the Rev. Hudnutt, who doesn't believe in it.

Amos Butts, our genial undertaker, says business is quiet this spring. What Amos ought to do is to adver-

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tise in the Gazette. We reach all the dead ones. There is going to be an amateur tank drama at Tibbitts' hall next Wednesday evening and Hank Tumms is going to take the leading part. Some kick is being made because it is claimed Hank is not an amateur, but a professional tank.

Hoppertown Silver Cornet band has been engaged to play over to West Hickeyville next Thursday. That's when we will get even with Hickeyville for all she has done to us. Grandma Whipple is still alive and a lot of relations is kept in suspenders to know which will get her eighty.

Amos Butts, our popular and congenial undertaker, has purchased a new whip socket for his hearse. Let the improvements go on. Racin' home from funerals is all the go in these parts at this writing.

Amariah Tilson, our popular and congenial tonsorial artist, guitar player and fancy whittler, has got his picture in the Police Gazette at last. - He now expects to accept a lucrative offer from some vaudeville opry in the near future as this town is getting too small for him.

Rev. Hudnutt has been invited out to so many Sunday dinners in this vicinity he is afeered he will soon have

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the chickenpox. A new bartender for the Golden Nugget and a new trimmer for Miss Amy Stubbs millinery emporium arrived from down to the Rapids on the 11:30 last evening. There is a new electric clock in the Huttel Hoppertown. By gravy, it seems as though time flies fast enough without runnin' it by electricity.

The new trimmer at Miss Amy Stubbs' millinery emporium expects to go on the stage soon and marry some steel magnate or other. She says there is more fun trimmin' millionaires than trimmin' hats. I see in the papers where a feller in Baraboo, Wis., dropped dead while gettin' on a train. By jing, the people in our vicinity dies of old age waitin' for a train to come along. No funerals lately. The financial stringency makes folks work so hard to make a livin' that they don't have time to die. Foldin' chairs, for funerals, dances and other social functions for rent, inquire Amos Butts, also livery, feed and sales stables.

It is not known who will run for sheriff in our county next fall as everybody at the present writing is engaged in running away from him. Elmer Spink got a knock-down to the new trimmer. Ah there, Elmer. Miss Amy Stubbs says all the best waltzers

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are Daughters of the Revolution. Willie Tumms has the mumps. Seems as if that kid had enough cheek without that. Walks are some slickerish today. Uncle Ezra Harkins fell down on his face and if it hadn't been for his whiskers he would have received some bumps, which luckily he escaped. Before he could get up, however, his whiskers froze fast to the ice and the boys had to borrow a crosscut saw from Tibbitts' store to release him.

Mrs. Ansel Hanks keeps boarders But not very long. Who ever saw an Indian with whiskers? Anson Judson,



our banker, spent Thanksgiving and ten shillin' down to the Rapids. Mrs. Anson Judson has got a new dress made outen mercenary silk.

Ansel Higgins, formerly of this man's town, has resigned from the reg-

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ular army and in the future expects to do most of his drilling after dark in some well known bank. When a feller is so pug-nosed you can hang a kittle on it, he ought to go to some damitological institute and get it laundered.

I see a member of the smart set of polite society down to New York has bought a \$1,200 garter for a chorus girl. He must have plenty of that elastic currency we hear so much about. Jay Higgins has accepted a permanent position as floor walker.



Mother and baby doing well. Anson Judson asked Uncle Ezra Harkins the other day if he thought graftin' would ever be abolished in this country and Uncle Ezra said he hoped not because the peach crop in this section depends

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upon plenty of graftin'. Prof. Ansel Jimkey announces that the Hoppertown quartet is now prepared to sing "Way Down Yonder in de Corn Field" for weddin's, funerals and other social events with variations as desired. Hiram Spink, the champion wood cutter of Hardscrabble township, has got a position makin' wood cuts for a newspaper down to the Rapids.

Enos Hand was down to the Rapids the other day and bought a clock at a high toned jewelry store. Enos says



it will run eight days without winding. I wonder how long it would run if they would wind it.

Butter is butter these days and few

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can afford to eat it. Grandpa Bibbins allows as how he is going to wait until some minstrel show comes along and get some of the olio from them. Grandpa is too old to spring jokes and half of them get lost in his whiskers while on their way to the expectant and palpitating public.

Mrs. William Tibbitts is nitting a crazy quilt for her uncle who is in the insane asylum. She is one of the best nitters in this man's town.

Mrs. Anson Judson is so high-toned she has had the fence removed from around their place. Anse says he is



afraid to go to bed nights now for fear he will catch cold and get the grip. Anse is quite comic for a money lender. Old Cap Whipple give a speech down

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to Tibbitts' grucry store the other evening and said what this country needed was fewer taxidermists. He says every time a feller turns around there is somebody at his elbow to collect taxes.

Cale Prouty, our jeweler and watchmaker, has got a job regulating the works in Hod Peters' thrashin' machine. Cale says he can't sleep at night unless he hears a clock ticking. I should think he could get along just as well by listening to the bed tick. Mrs. Hank Tumms was chewing slippery ellow the other day when her lower jaw slipped out of joint. Neighbors advocates havin' something done about it, but Hank says there ain't no particular hurry. Mrs. Anson Judson is takin' them arts and grafts lessons from down to the Rapids and at present is poundin' a forty dollar brooch out of one of Anse's brass suspender buttons. Miss Lutie Bibbins is making an up to date peek-a-boo shirtwaist outen the hammick she had on the side porch last summer.

REFLECTIONS OF UNCLE EZRA

Grandpa Bibbins says we are going to have a hard winter as he saw a cow scratchin' her left hind leg agin the



corn crib yesterday. A feller was through our midst Wednesday with an Pope Toledo automobuggy. I think it is a sacrilege to name one of them snorting devils after a pope.

They say every human being has a duty to perform, but, by gravy, I would like to know what the wardrobe mistress of a musical comical show finds to do.

Grandpa Bibbins, of our town, has got stung proper. He sent down to

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York for a glass eye, and when he got it in he couldn't see a blame bit better than he could before.

There was only one feller that ever lived who was as good as his wife's folks, and that was Adam. His wife didn't have no folks.

Just because a woman is a grass widder it is no sign she's a vegetarian.

It may be all right for an American girl to marry a count if he has got anything to count, but I never heard of one that had.

John D. Rockefeller says he never touched whiskey in his life, and, by jing, if he had, the rest of us wouldn't have got much.

A chauffeur is a feller who has got sense enough to run one and too much sense to own one.

Two-step whiskey is a very popular brand in our town just now. You step in and get a drink, then step out and get pinched.

When a feller has got tonsilitus, the best thing to cure it is a nice soft sleeve wrapped around his neck with a woman's arm in it.

Who ever seen a corn doctor that didn't have his mustache dyed?

The rural mail carriers are all in the civil servic, but jedgin' by the short

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answers some of 'em give the patrons along the line, the service ain't as civil as it might be.

The best way to trim a Merry Widdler hat is with a pair of shears.

Deacon Stubbs' mule Hyacinth swaled about nine rod of barb wire fence the other day, and now the deacon can see good points stickin' out all over her.

I see Bryan made a speech at the White House meetin' in favor of conservin' our natural resources. By jing, Bryan ain't conservin' much of his natural resource, which is wind.

At the last Democratic county convention Constable Hicks was called in to preserve order, but the constable said blamed if he could find any to preserve.



EVENTS AT HOPPERTOWN.

(From the Hoppertown Gazette.)

Mrs. Anson Judson has got a new rubber tired trap at this writing, but we ain't seen her catch anything in



it yet. Col. Eri bought some chestnuts off a Dago down to the Rapids the other day. It seems as though he ought to patronize home industries and get his chestnuts here at hum by taking the Gazette. A new piano tuner has blowed into our midst and taken a job stretching wire for the telephone company. Miss Euphemia Mudge, our only Vassah graduate, went over to

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West Hickeyville yesterday to attend the rah rah game. Uncle Ezra Harkins had chicken for dinner yesterday and Constable Ezra Hand is working on the case with only a slight clew.

Jed Frink, our gentlemanly blacksmith, has put a new sucker on the town pump free gratis for nothing and it is expected he will be the logical candidate for some office or other in the near future. The last time Elmer Spink was down to the Rapids he dropped a lead nickel in a horseless pianner and it played a tune all right.



He was pretty slick about it, too, but in order to relieve his conscience he explained to the bartender what he had done. "That's all right," said the

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bartender, "and I'm certainly much obliged to you for you have saved my life. If I ever found a good nickel in that pianner I would drop dead."

Old Cap Whipple set with his feet in the oven too blame long the other evening and when he woke up his wooden leg was burnt about an inch on the end. He is now giving fancy charcoal drawing lessons on the cement sidewalks about town. Many a feller can draw a picture who can't draw a salary. Hi Huggins says he expects to go over to Hank Tumms' tomorrow evening after supper. Hank says Hi may come after it, but won't get it. A Chinee from down to the Rapids is thinkin' of startin' a lundry in this man's town. They say a Chink can live on 2 cents a day, but he would have to live on less than that if he started a lundry here. Mrs. Hank Tumms reports that jell didn't jell very good this season.

One of the pool balls suddenly flew off the table and disappeared during a game in the Golden Nugget saloon five weeks ago and its whereabouts was a mystery until yesterday, when Amariah Tilson, our tonsorial artist, found it in Grandpa Bibbins' whiskers. "Am" got a drink fer takin' it back to the Golden Nugget and says he is

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going to examine all whiskers in the future. Who knows but some day he may find a pianola or a forty-five candle power automobile?

It don't pay to rub a cat or a plug hat the wrong way. T. Egbert Peavey expects to leave soon for the Rapids to accept a lucrative position as second mandolin in a barber shop.

Amos Butts, livery, feed and sales stables and undertaking with neatness and dispatch, also folding chairs to rent, says he has got a roan gelding which went better than three-ten on a kite shaped track to trade for three



bushel of potatoes and a cord of wood. If the other feller will throw in a wringer, grindstone, a box of red herrin' and a set of false teeth suitable for middle-aged gent, Amos will throw

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in a bridle, laprobe, one bushel corn, set of hobbles, one good meat grinder, secondhand zinc board, one hose nozzle (slightly wore), two volumes of Swede Borgian religion and first-class wire dishrag. Here's a chance for a dicker, gents.

Mrs. Anson Judson told a friend that she cut Mrs. Hank Tumms dead the other day. Constable Ezra Hand is workin' on the case, but he ain't found no murder clew as yet. Grandpa Bibbins has got a new set of false teeth made out of second hand pianner keys he got at a bargain down to the Rapids.

The Rev. Mr. Hudnutt says there is one good thing about an atheist. He never goes to sleep in church. Mrs. Ansel Hanks' wen is improving considerable at this writing. The new trimmer at Miss Amy Stubb's millinery emporium has two colors of hair, dark near the scalp and yaller at the ends. Elmer Spinks expects to hang her a May basket next spring. It is rumored that Grandma Whipple, who has been on the verge of death for nine years, has eloped with Uncle Ezra Harkins, who is one hundred and ten years old, and has smoked and chawed all his life. He will not do all the chawin' in the future if the rumor is

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true. Later — Grandma Whipple and Uncle Ezra Harkins both say that they haven't eloped as we go to press, but it is rumored anyhow and we ain't going to spoil a good news item for a couple of old pelters that don't take the paper.

William Tibbitts, the grocery dealer, who doesn't advertise in the home paper, has had his whiskers shaved off.



He sold 'em to a plaster contractor down to the Rapids, three car loads having went forward yesterday.

Grandma Whipple, who has been very low the past two months, is engaged in shinglin' the fire engine house at this writing. A woman from down to the Rapids saw the sign "Wide Awake Hose Company" over the door of the engine house the other day and

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went in and tried to buy a pair of stockin's. All the rubes don't live in the small towns.

There is so much sparkin' going on in this man's town at this writing that the insurance companies are threatening to raise the rates, as they



think property here is a poor risk. It is rumored in polite society circles there were so many couples at Deacon Stubbs' place last Sunday evening that the youngest Miss Stubbs and her steady had to sit on the pianner.

Silas Spillaker of Hardscrabble township called in last week and stopped his paper. Well, the paper ain't like yarb tea. He don't have to take it if he don't want it. He was sore because we didn't publish his picture the last time he took Peruna. Constable Ezra Hand threatens to raid the tunk game in the back room of the drug store as it disturbs the Odd Fel-

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lers lodge which meets upstairs. Miss Lutie Bibbins is taking music lessons on the catarrh from Amariah Tilson, our barber. Ah there, Am. Mr. Hi Spink has got a new bare skin overcoat and his wife has got a neck scarf and muff made outen pure vermin fur.

Uncle Ezra is one of our most extinguished citizens. He is one hun-



dred and nine years old and says he expects to live to see Bryan elected. We wouldn't call an old man like that a liar because we don't believe in getting personal, but we will say Uncle Ezra can stretch the truth about as far as the next one without breaking his arm. Let us hope he lives long enough to pay up his subscription to the Gazette.

Bud Hicks says he has been pinched so often he is black and blue.

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Constable Ezra Hand got fooled nice down to the Rapids the other day when he bought a cream puff to eat. He says it must have been pretty bad as it was soft and squshy as thunder on the inside so he threw it away without sayin' anything. He says he never hollers when he gets stung.

Deacon Stubbs of our meetin' house started on a tour down to the Rapids yesterday and there is much fears for his safety, as nobody has received any picture pust cards yet. His wife told



him before leavin' not to blow out any gas nor in any money. The deacon, however, confided in some of his friends that he was goin' to have a good time and see the sights if it cost him ten shillin'. Deacons at hum and

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deacons abroad is two kinds of deacons. The last time the deacon went to the Rapids he was bound to see all the public institutions and wandered into the pest house. He returned home, came down with the smallpox and it cost the taxpayers of this village \$476.39 to keep him in quarantine and idleness. Nothin' like enjoyin' yourself at somebody else's expense.

Blond trimmers seem to be all the go nowadays. Miss Amy Stubbs has had seven of them at her millinery emporium hand running lately. Elmer Spink says most men like blond women and blond women like most men. Grandpa Bibbins' false teeth was cracked by the frost last Thursday night.

The concert by the Hoppertown Silver Cornet band was postponed until next week because Hank Tumms lost all the wind outen the bass drum and had to send it down to the Rapids to have it filled again. Also the valves in Seth Stimson's B flat cornet got froze. They told him to breathe into the cornet fer to thaw it out and he done so, after which his cornet played intoxicatin' music.

Grandpa Bibbins had his whiskers trimmed in a feed box in Tibbitts' store

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last week. T. Egbert Peavey is going the pace that kills according to reports from down to the Rapids. He didn't get to bed before 9 o'clock any night last week. He is getting to be quite a dramatical cricket, having attended three movin' picture shows within a month. The Rev. Hudnutt has got a good job planing off the bottoms of the church doors with a safety razor so they will open easy and folks won't have so much trouble getting in.

Miss Amy Stubbs lost most all of her bangs last week when she was calling on Mrs. Jed Frinks and was playing with Mrs. Frink's cat, which is one of the best ratters in this vicinity. Grandma Whipple is shinglin' the schoolhouse at this writing and it is feared she is near her journey's end. Mrs. Anson Judson was going to join the Daughters of the American Revolution and was searchin' through her family tree when she found five ancestors had died in state's prison, four in the asylum and nine in the poorhouse. She has given up joining the Daughters of the Revolution and will join the Larkin Soap club instead, where you don't have to have any pride of ancestry or hope of posterity.

Chet Binks kicked because he found a suspender button in the hash at the

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Hotel Hoppertown last week. He probably wanted a whole suit of clothes. There is no satisfying some people. Miss Phyllis Swank and Jay Higgins expects to surprise their friends by eloping next Wednesday evening. This will probably cause some little gossip, as Jay is believed to have three wives living and one in Battle Creek.

James Stebbins has got a wen on his nose and every time he wants to look crossways he has to turn around.



Grandpa Bibbins says when a feller gets a new linen handkerchief out of the store it is like wiping your nose on a pane of glass. Old Cap Whipple expects to rent out the knot hole in his

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wooden leg for a butter mold at the Hotel Hoppertown. The party who stole Miss Amy Stubbs' switch off the clothes line Monday and kept her from goin' to the state fair, is knowed and will save trouble for himself by giving up the property instanter and ad infinitum.

Mr. Elmer Spink has got the yaller janders at this writing and looks more like a lemon than ever. Miss Stubbs got hugged three times on the sleigh-ride last Thursday evening and now she agrees with Dr. Munyon that there is hope, especially as it is leap year.



THE BLUE JEANS

REFLECTIONS OF UNCLE EZRA

This is a great world.

All a man has to do is work.

After he works hard all day he has to walk home and on his way he meets a feller that never works, ridin' in an automobile.

It's generally the feller with the soft head that gets the soft snap. The feller with the hard head gets the hard jobs.

Most folks are proud of their family trees and try to live up to their ancestors, but, by gravy, when a kid



comes home from college he tries his best to live 'em down. When J. Wilbur Spink came from college, I snum, I thought he had just escaped from Higgenback's circus.

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One man is just as good as another in this world, if not a little bit better.

A feller prays for rain and when it rains the grass grows about a foot and then he has to get out his lawn mower and cuss at the weather.

I see a woman the other day with five different colors of ribbon on her hat and a green parrot to boot and still they wonder at crime.

Her husband gets \$4 a week acting as managing editor in a livery stable. It's surely a hoss on him.

It takes a durn smart guy to be as good as his wife's father was.

When a feller gets married, drinks whiskey and buys an automobile he is lookin' for three separate and distinct kinds of trouble.

I know a lot of fellers that ain't afraid of work. They lay right down beside it and go to sleep.

Mrs. J. Frisby Frink, the leader of the smart set of polite society in this town, has got a new thing she calls a vinegarette but it seems like a small thing to keep vinegar in.

Some of them Roosevelt telegrams is so pointed that the telegraph companies will have to string barb wire along on the poles to carry 'em.

It might not be quite so stylish, but I would just as soon be kicked to death

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by a seven-dollar mule as to be blown into the eternal hence by a ten thousand-dollar forty-candle power oatmobile.

Some fellows blow their money on gold bricks and Bohemian oats and others start newspapers.

When you have got a guest who keeps bragging how honest he is, count the spoons.

A feller that can call every bartender in town by his first name will never cut much of a swath in Wall street.

There are two classes of people in this world. Us and the mollycoddles.

Hank Tumms says Brine will be elected president in the long run. By ginger, I wonder if ten years ain't a long run.

If there is anything funnier than seeing a fire engine house burn down it is to see a police station robbed.



OF HOPPERTOWN

EVENTS AT HOPPERTOWN.

(From the Hoppertown Gazette.)

The Hotel Hoppertown had a grand fish dinner the other night and the bill of fare consisted of sardines and cod-fish. Miss Pansy Tibbitts is taking a correspondence school course in stenography and typewriting. She has taken piano lessons so long she doesn't



expect to have any difficulty in learning to run a typewriter pretty rapid. Old Cap Whipple says he don't know which is the fastest typewriter made, but there is some pretty swift blonde ones around this town. Grandma Whipple, who has been at the pint of death for ten years, has bought a new bicycle so as to ride over to West Hickeyville,

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where she has accepted the lucrative position of foreman of the flour and feed mill.

Elmer Spink went to Tecumseh to accept a lucrative position with the ball team as short stop, but the captain said he wasn't short enough. Elmer is six foot four in his stocking feet when he wears 'em, which is not frequent. Elmer expects to go back into the crayon portrait business. A crayon portrait artist ought to make a good vaudeville attraction providing he draws well. Renfrew Binks, the station agent, says the heat expands the rails so much that it is nine miles farther from here to the Rapids in the summer than it is in the winter. Miss Euphemia Mudge went into a drug store down to the Rapids to get some complexion powder. The clerk asked her what color she wanted and she said flesh color of course. The clerk gave her some red ochre.

Hod Peters busted his gallus the other day laughing at a joke in Hostetter's almanac and now he don't dast get up out of his chair. Hi Huggins and Hank Tumms are cane rackin' around the county fair circuit. Hank took along a dozen of his wife's doughnuts to use for rings. Before they

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went Jed Frink, our blacksmith, tried to pound one of the rings over the head of one of the canes with a sledge hammer, but was unsuccessful. He says the general public will have a fat chance to win a cane. Ezra Harkins' cousin died out in the west last week and Ez says his death was quite unexpected as the family expected up to the last minute that the governor would pardon him.

Mrs. Prof. Jimkey says her son Lafe is doing quite well down to Louisville in the publishing business. He has wrote home that he is now a book-maker. Amariah Tilson, our barber, has got a new man from down to the Rapids on the third chair. Am says the new feller ain't much of a barber, but he can play the guitar divine and that is all that is needed around a barber shop. Miss Amaryllis Teeter, the new singer in the meetin' house, has got a falsetto voice and a false set o' teeth. T. Egbert Peavey says he has sent down to the Rapids for a new pair of dancing pumps. Huh, who ever see a pump dance?

Deacon Stubbs, our village attorney and notary republic, is going around the county on a spellbindin' tour as he wants to be elected to the legislater

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from this deestrick. The deacon is a lifelong Republican and has voted for Bryan only twice. It is his ambition to be made chairman of the game law committee so he can legislate out of existence the tunk game in the back room of Tibbitt's store. There may be some politicians on earth whose wives don't take in washin' by the day or week, but they don't live around these parts. Deacon Stubbs is one of our most highly suspected citizens and ought to win out providin' he gets enough votes, which is rather skeptical at this writing. Miss Euphemia Mudge, our poetess of passion, has written a new pome which is entitled "An Ode to a Pair of Black Eyes." By gravy, she must have seen Elmer Spink comin' home from the dance the other night.

Amos Butts, our gentlemanly and congenial undertaker, livery, feed and sales stables, also folding chairs for rent, says business is so dull he has filled his hearse with water and is running a gold fish aquarium.

Bill Todhammer sent Preacher Goodbelcher a mess of cow's liver last Monday, which was thankfully received and highly appreciated by the preacher's family. Uncle Bill is widely noted for his generosity and we need

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more Todhammers in this community. Shorty Bixter and his dishfaced sister, Sally, went over to Bean Creek to the dance last night and tripped the light fantastic toe. They attracted much attention with their high kicking.

Times must be pickin' up consid'ble. I see Uncle Ezra Harkins droppin' a



cent in the gum machine at Tibbitts' grocery last Wednesday. Uncle Ez never gambles unless times is good.

The proprietor of our ice cream sody water fountain ran out of ice cream cones one day last week and substituted a lot of left over red and blue Christmas tree cornucopias. Several in our midst which ate the cornucopias without knowing the difference said they was good cones, but Elmer Spink

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ate nine of 'em hand running and is now having an attack of indydepsia. A feller kin get too much of a good thing.

Rev. Hudnutt is putting hair restorer on the church carpet and expects all the bald spots will be covered by the time snow flies. The Seven Sutherland Sisters ain't got nothing on Miss Amy Stubbs in regard to hair. When Miss Stubbs unloosens her hair it falls to the floor.

There was an ad in the Gazette last week which said that the feller which stole the umbreller at the meetin' house the previous Sunday had better return it to the Gazette office at once or be prosecuted. Next morning there was fifteen cords of umbrellers in the editor's back yard. It pays to advertise.

There was quite a sensational game of tunk in the back room of the drug store one night this week. Three grindstones, one corn husker, two spring tooth drags, one churn and seven wheelbarrows changed hands.

Hod Peters, who has been campin' out down Swazey creek two weeks, has been locked up in the pest house here for smallpox, but Hod says they are only mesquito bites. They had a consultation of physicians to diagonize

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his case. Doc Binks said it was the chickenpox, Doc Frisby said it was poison ivy and Doc Hanks, the veterinary surgeon, said it was distemper.

I see by the papers that Ambassador Reid's daughter has took a husband. I wonder whose husband she took.

I have heard of fellers willing their bodies to medical observatories, but Deacon Stubbs of this town has broke the record. He likes music so well he has willed his diaphragm to the Hoppertown Silver Cornet band for a snare drum head.

About the most aggravatin' thing that can happen to a woman is to fall and cut her cheek and then have the doctor sew her mouth up by mistake.

Anse Judson got a piece of strawberry shortcake at a restaurant down to the Rapids. Anse said it wasn't the cake that was short, but the berries.

Grass widders are not always green.

I don't know which is the fastest typewriter made, but there are two or three of 'em around this town that are pretty middlin' swift.

A Dago with a hand organ and a monkey was in our midst the other day. This place may not be so large as the Rapids, but it has got all the metro-

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politan frills. There was one accident, however. The hand organ man carried off Hank Tumms' youngest kid by mistake and the monkey is now confined in the city lockup waiting for the owner to come back and claim him. Amariah Tilson, the humorist down to the barber shop, says the last time he was down to the Rapids he had a chance to go to a funeral and took it in, a splendid time being had. Am says he didn't learn the name of the deceased as he only went for the ride. Hod Peters sent to a furniture factory down to the Rapids for a ice box to keep ice in but he got fooled. He says the ice don't keep in the box at all. He put a chunk in last Tuesday and Wednesday morning it was all melted. Elmer Spink has got the hives and now Miss Amy Stubbs, our milliner, calls him her "honey boy."

It's pretty near time for corn on the ear, and, by jing, that's where a feller generally gets most of it when tryin' to nibble it off the cob.

There are only three men in our midst who are not satisfied with the nominations at Chicago; Hank Tumms, William Tibbitts and Elmer Spink. They are all Democrats. Hod Peters says he is glad a fat man has got some

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show at last. Hod has been looked down upon by this community for years on account of the circumference of his equator and his absence of waist line and he takes the nomination of Taft as a personal vindication. Hod is now thinking of running for something or other. He may run for notary public, as that is the only office vacant in our midst at this writing. Three second handed seltzer siphons from the Golden Nugget saloon and buffet have been added to the equipment of the Wide Awake fire department, which is now prepared for big conflagrations. The hook and ladder has been rented to James Purdy for the summer to pick peaches with. In case of a fire the village president will mail James a postal card notifying him and James will at once drive to town from his farm with the hook and ladder.

According to the Valley, Mich., correspondent, Alfred Bassett, a highly respected farmer living in that vicinity, had a very unusual experience. During the severe electrical storm which struck that neighborhood last Monday night Bassett was walking along the road with a lantern. Suddenly there was a loud report and a blinding flash of lightning and Bassett was hurled

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over the stump fence into a neighboring corn field. Bassett was sure that he was dead for having been struck by lightning how could he be otherwise? He was able, however, to crawl out of the corn field and look over the stump fence to see if anyone were near to help him. There he discovered a large goat of the billy gender belonging to a neighbor. The goat stood looking in the direction Bassett had taken and the general impression is that it was the goat and not the lightning that struck Bassett. The favorite expression in that vicinity now, according to the correspondent, is: "Ah there, Bassett, how do you like joining the lodge?"

I think the recordin' angel must just naturally shet his eyes when a feller goes to a ball game on Sunday, especially if the home team wins.

Necessity is the mother of invention, but, by gravy, I'll bet she was only stepmother to the Merry Widder hat.

Jed Frink and Hod Peters got all mixed up the other day. Jed started to give Hod the Woodmen handshake and he give him the Pythias by mistake and Hod got excited and answered him with the Odd Fellers. Jed was so taken by surprise that he began feelin' around and gave Hod the Mac-

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cabee and Good Templar, and Hod, who was completely at sea, came back strong with the Elks and Royal Arcanum. They was shakin' hands so long the constable interfered, thinkin' it was a rassling match.

Miss Euphemia Mudge, our poetess of passion, has bought a new typewriter and the Gazette takes great pleasure in presenting to its readers to-day the first poem just off the new machine, which is as follows:

tHe \$waLLow's voiCE i\$ on the
breeeze?...

& the Zeffers stir the PoPlar trEE\$, ?-
All NaTure's \$striving hard to pLEasae
& Ba\$seball is the oNly game ,(-?.
THE bairfoot boys aRe alll arOund ;,
& pplaiN' maRBlees on The Ground,
& From thE Variou\$ \$ights & SoUnds,
I gue\$\$ that \$ummer tiMe hAs
kaMe?".

The funniest thing I ever see was a feller with one tooth tryin' to eat an olive.

T. Egbert Peavey, who is the George M. Cohan of these parts, has got some new spats of which he is very proud. Hank Tumms says him and his wife have had spats for fifteen years, but never found it necessary to brag about them. Anson Judson says he is going

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to have a new colonial house with pillars on the front. By jing, if they are feather pillars it ought to be a nice restful place to live.

Ninety in the shade is nothing unusual in these parts. There are generally more than that in the shade. In fact, there is nobody anywhere else during the heated period. Grandma Whipple, who has been at the point of death for ten years, stands the heat pretty well and says she has no fear of the future. Grandma is engaged in building a barn for Anson Judson, our local capitalist, at this writing. Hank Tumms expects to get out a writ of



certiorari agin Hod Peters if he can find any pettifogger in this town or West Hickeyville who knows what it means or how to spell it.

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News items from the tall grass inform us that the annual war against chiggers is on in earnest in all rural districts. The chigger is not any part of an automobile, as the name implies, but is a small animal or bug, as the case may be, which has sharp teeth and an appetite like a colored minister. Chiggers cut quite a figger at Sunday school picnics. The young man and his best girl sit down on the grass under a tree to consume the pork and beans and deviled eggs when the chigger comes along fastens himself to some upholstered portion of the young man's natomy somewhere between the ankle and the collar bone and proceeds to chig. The young man mutters something that doesn't sound well at a Sunday school picnic and grabbing himself firmly by the affected territory starts for the woods with a cry of anguish, to hunt out a tree which has rough bark, to rub himself up and down thereon until the chigger is reduced to such a state of mental and physical demoralization that he is unable longer to chig. One chigger can chig over every square inch of a man's frame in less time than it takes the Standard Oil Company to declare a dividend and this has been estimated at one second and

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a half eastern standard time. Once the chigger is caught it is an easy matter to kill him. One good way is to hit him in the head with an ax, but a more humane way is to tickle him under the chin until he opens his mouth. Then fill his mouth with snuff and let him sneeze himself to death. The chigger is three sizes smaller than a spinal meningitis microbe and comes in different dark shades, all the way from chocolate fudge to a patent leather polish.

Uncle Ezra Harkins, aged one hundred and seven years, has returned from West Hickeyville, where he has been visiting his grandfather Old Cal Harkins. Uncle Ezra says his grandpa is doing nicely, but is some feeble. Hod Peters asked Uncle Ezra how he explained his grandpa's longevity and Uncle Ezra says he never knowed his grandpa had the longevity or anything else except the rheumatism. Hank Tumms' kitchen pump friz last night because he forgot to raise the handle and let the water out'n it.

Mrs. Anson Judson, the leader of our smart set, is so high toned that she has French fried taters every meal. Anse says French fried taters is too sporty for him and he doesn't think they are

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just proper for a decent married man. During the flood Mrs. Prof. Jimkey's washtub floated away to parts unknown and now the Prof. is in a tight



place. He can't get her a new tub until she takes in enough washin' to buy one and she can't take in washin' until she gets the tub.

Judgin' by the size of the checks they hand out at some of them swell cafes down to the Rapids they must think a feller has got an after-dinner mint concealed around his clothes.

There was a heavy frost last night. The Hoppertown Silver Cornet band gave a concert at Tibbitts' opry house. It must have been bad for some of the

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people that had comps. stayed to hum. They say Taft is makin' a flying trip through the west. By gravy, pretty soon people will begin to believe that man has wings. Mrs. Anson Judson has got a changeable silk dress. I would hate to have a silk dress I couldn't change.

It don't pay to hoard money. William Tibbitts has carried one fifty cent piece around so long in his pants pocket that the eagle and the goddess of liberty is both worn off from it and it ain't wuth but 37 cents at the mint. Elmer Spink is now a finished musician. He met his finish when he tried to play a clarinet solo with the Hoppertown Silver Cornet band over to the Bryan meetin' at West Hickeyville last week and some one threw him a bouquet which had a small portion of a brick house concealed in it. Jed Frink, our popular, congenial, talented and versatile blacksmith, says his hard cider is froze up so tight he has to break it off with an ax when he wants any. He says he likes hard cider all right, but not when it's so hard he can't bite it.

Last time Bud Hicks was locked up in our sheet iron village jail somebody smuggled a can opener in to him and

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he ain't been saw since around these parts. Constable Hand carries a pistol, but it ain't ludded. He says it is always the guns which ain't ludded that does the most damage according to the newspapers. Mrs. Anson Judson has got a new sectional bookcase so she can keep on hand books from all sections of the country.

Grandpa Bibbins is laid up with the skyattic rheumatiz at this writing and



is unable to attend to his regular duties, which is chawin' tobacker back of the stove in Tibbitts' store.

William Tibbitts' delivery horse is so thin that Tibbitts hangs the harness on his shoulder blades nights which saves puttin' up harness hooks. Tibbitts feeds sawdust in with the ground feed, nine parts sawdust to one part feed and says the hoss ain't complained none

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about it yet, although he does seem to be getting that wooden expression of countenance which we read so much about in Robert Chambers' novels.

Elmer Spink was callin' on Miss E—
H—the other night. Ah there, Elmer.



Pull the front winder curtains down after this.

Old Cap Whipple has got a new wooden leg made out'n a popular tree and it grows so fast he has to saw off six or eight inches of it every day so he can walk without bein' lopsided. He has sawed off enough already to keep him in stove wood almost all winter. The last wooden leg he had was made out'n weeping willer and it looked so pathetic he didn't have the heart to walk around in it.

Hod Peters says its great when your

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kids have the measles. There ain't been a bill collector within forty rod of his house for three weeks. Hank Tumms says his wife has saved up almost enough soap wrappers to get a new washboard. Hank is still in politics. Rev. Hudnutt says free silver is a dead issue around here all right. The last time he passed the hat at the Hard Shell meetin' house he didn't get anything but nickels and pennies.



THE BLUE JEANS

THE OLD HOME TOWN.

I've been back to the old home town
and many sights I've seen.

You'd be surprised to see how that old
burg has growed, I ween.

I hardly knowed Main street at all, it
has spruced up so much.

All rigged out with them gold leaf
signs and mail boxes and such.



Them high cross walks that used to
throw a man out of his rig
Ain't there no more. They say the
town is gettin' most too big.

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The wooden sidewalks used to stand
four feet above the street,
But they are on a level now. The curb
is all concrete.

I had to ask my way around and felt
some like a jay
When I'd got lost three times I found
there wa'n't no other way.

Ez Purdy is town marshal yet and,
most beyond belief,
He's had his whiskers shaved clean off
and people call him "chief."

Hank Frisby's livery barn is gone and
standin' there so slick,
They've got a skyscraper, by gum, three
stories, faced with brick.

Miss Hepsie Judkins' gold leaf sign is
handsome, I'll allow.
She used to be a dressmaker but she's
a "Modiste" now.

They've got a movin' picture show
where Gospel Hall once stood.
And Abner Harkins' milkshake stand
is gone and gone for good.

They've got a sody fountain now in al-
most every store.
There's seven autos in the town and I
don't know but more.

They've got a women's club and now
the whole talk of the town

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**Is Amy Stubbs, the milliner, who wears
a new sheath gown.**

**They have their social functions and a
scandalous "smart set."**

**I've been back home and I have learned
the world do move, you bet.**



THE BLUE JEANS

CHRISTMAS AT HOPPERTOWN.

(From the Hoppertown Gazette)

Hoppertown is mighty happy for the
presents have been passed
And each feller's annexed something,
from the first one to the last.
Old Cap Whipple got a brand new
wooden leg which came today.
From a friend down to the Rapids and
Old Cap feels pretty gay.



'Course the leg ain't just the ticket for
it's half a foot too short
But Old Cap don't pay no 'tenton to
a defect of that sort.
Renfrew Binks, the station agent, has
a brand new fountain pen

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And they say it's from a lady friend of
his'n. At them, Ben.

Tr write out them these dispatches
sent by telegraph, it's for.

Reverer doesn't have to write none,
but he's much obliged to her.

William Tibbins, our storekeeper, you
will never guess, I vow.

Got a brand new pair of slippers and
he's got nineteen pairs now.

Grandma Whipple got a scythe and
snark and crosscut saw as well.

And an ax and spade and shovel and a
stump machine that's swell.

Hack Tumms sent Hi Spink a polecat,
locked up in a powder can.

And he wrote upon the cover: "Peace
on earth, good will to man."

Anson Judson sent a hammer to his
old friend, Col. Mudge.

And it sorter looks like someone's been
a-knockin', we should judge.

Ezra Harkins got a toothbrush, very
nice one, it is said,

But he hasn't had a tooth for twenty-
five years in his head.

Chester Binks, the paper hanger, got a
fine pipe rack, yes sir,

But he says dad burned if he knows
what the gol dum thing is fer.

Some kind friend down to the Rapids
sent Bud Hicks a union suit,

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But he don't know how to put it on or
take it off, to boot.

Ansel Green, who leads the singin' at
the U. B. meetin' house,

Has received a Christmas present
which was sent anonymouse.

It's a bottle of perfumery and it says:
"Please use this kind."

The sopranner and the alto is the ones
he has in mind.

Cell'lloid collar and some matches came
to Bud Hicks, and inside

It said: "Put it on and touch it off and
commit suicide."

Lutie Bibbins, our musician, got a fine
new violin,

And still folks in densest ignorance
will wonder: "Why in sin."

Mrs. Anson Judson got some furs of
ermine, genuine,

But they're sheddin' of their plumage
like a gol ding porcupine.

And Ye Editor is sportin' a new ten
cent smokin' set,

Here's a heartfelt Merry Christmas
from the Hoppertown Gazette.



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